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THE

FEAR of DEATH.



(Price Six-pence.)

£ 2s

L O N D O N

Printed for and sold by JOHN BARTON, at the Sign of the Anchor, in St. George's Church-yard, in the Strand.

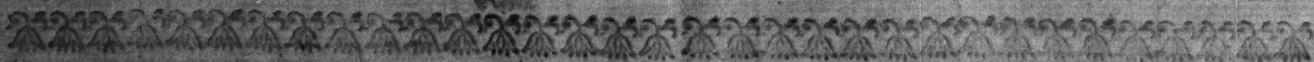
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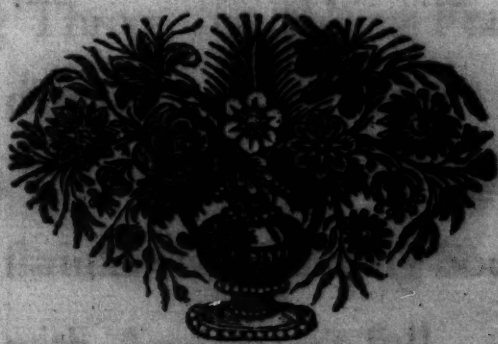
AN

O D E.

Philip
By the late DUKE of WHARTON.

Τοῦ ζῆν δὲ λυπρῶς κρείσσειν ἐς ἡ κατθανεῖν.
Ἄλγει γὰρ οὐδὲν τῶν κακῶν ἡσθημένος.

Euripid. in Troad.



L O N D O N:

Printed for and sold by JOHN BRETT, at the *Golden-Ball*,
over-against *St. Clement's Church*, in the *Strand*.

M.DCC.XXXIX.

15473/1375*
1546/161

FEAR OF DEATH.

Harvard College Library
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Gift of
Alexander Cochrane
of Boston

AN

O D E.

By the late Duke of WHARFON.

To the Hon. the Lord of the Treasury
and the Hon. the Lord of the Admiralty.

Printed in Town.



L O N D O N.

Printed for and sold by John B. B. at the Golden-Bell,
over-against St. Clement's Church, in the Strand.

MDCCLXXIX



FEAR of DEATH.



AY, sov'raign Queen of awful Night,

Dread Tyrant say!

Why parting Throes this lab'ring Frame distend,

Why dire Convulsions rend,

And teeming Horrors wreck th' astonish'd Sight?

Why shrinks the trembling Soul,

Why with Amazement full

Pines at thy Rule, and sickens at thy Sway?

Why low is the Thunder of thy Brow,

Why livid Angers glow,

Mistaken Phantom, say?

Far hence exert thy awful Reign,
 Where tutelary Shrines and solemn Busts
 Inclose the hallow'd Dust :

Where feeble Tapers shed a gloomy Ray,
 And Statues Pity feign ;

Where pale-eyed Griefs their wasting Vigils keep,
 There Brood with fullen State, and nod with downy Sleep.
 Advance ye lurid Ministers of Death !

And swell the Annals of her Reign :
 Crack every Nerve, sluice every Vein ;

And choak the Avenues of Breath.
 Freeze, freeze, ye Purple Tides !

Or scorch with leering Flames,
 Where Nature flows in tepid Streams,

And Life's Mæanders glide.
 Let keen Despair her icy Progress make,

And slacken'd Nerves their Task forsake ;
 Years damp the vital Fire.

Yawn all ye Horrors of the Flood ;
 And curl your swelling Surges higher.

Survey the Road !

Where desolating Storms, and vengeful Fates,
 The gawdy Scene deface ;

Ambition in its widest Havock trace
 Thro' widow'd Cities, and unpeopl'd States.

And is this all!
 Are these the threaten'd Terrours of your Reign?

O Dream of fancy'd Power!

Quit, quit, th' affected shew,
 This Pageantry of Grief and labour'd Pomp of Woe?

Draw the pleasing Scene,
 Where dreadful Thunders never rowl, nor giddy Tempests low'r,

Scenes delighting!

Peace inviting,

Passions sooth'd, and Tumult dying;

Æra's rowling,

Fears controuling,

Always new, and always flying.

We dread we know not what, we fear we know not why,

Our cheated Fancy shrinks, nor sees to die,

Is but to slumber into Immortality.

All-reconciling Name!

In Space unbounded as in Power;

Where Fancy Limits cannot frame;

Nor Reason launch beyond the Shore:

An equal State from all Distinction free,

Spread like the wide Expanse of vast Immensity.

Seditious Tumults there obey,

And Feuds their Zeal forget:

Debated Empires own one common Sway,

There

There learn'd Disputes unite
 Nor crouded Volumes the long War maintain:
 There rival Chiefs combine
 To fill the gen'ral Chorus of her Reign.
 So Streams from either Pole,
 Thro' diff'rent Tracts their wat'ry Journeys rowl;
 Then in the blending Ocean lose their Name,
 And with consenting Waves and mingl'd Tides for ever flow the same.

Peace inviting,
 Passions soothing, and Tumult dying;
 Arts's rowling,

Always new, and always living.
 We dread we know not what, we fear we know not why,
 Our cheated Fancy shrinks, nor sees to die,
 Is put to slumber into Immortality.

All-reconciling
 In space unbounded
 Where Fancy's
 Nor Reason's

An equal State from all Distinction free,
 Spread like the wide Expanse of vast Immensity.
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